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LET ME WALK WITH THE MEN IN THE ROAD.

'Tis only a half truth the poet has sung
Of the "house by the side of the way";
Our Master had neither a house nor a home,
But he walked with the crowd day by day.
And I think, when I read of the poet's desire,
That a house by the road would be good;
But service is found in its tenderest form
When we walk with the crowd in the road.

So I say, let me walk with the men in the road,
Let me seek out the burdens that crush,
Let me speak a kind word of good cheer to the weak
Who are falling behind in the rush.
There are wounds to be healed, there are breaks we must mend,
There's a cup of cold water to give;
And the man in the road by the side of his friend
Is the man who has learned to live.

Then tell me no more of the house by the road;
There is only one place I can live.
It's there with the men who are toiling along,
Who are needing the cheer I can give.
It is pleasant to live in the house by the way
And be a friend, as the poet has said;
But the Master is bidding us, "Bear ye their load,
For your rest waiteth yonder ahead."

I could not remain in the house by the road
And watch as the toilers go on,
Their faces beclouded with pain and with sin,
So burdened, their strength nearly gone.
I'll go to their side, I'll speak in good cheer,
I'll help them to carry their load;
And I'll smile at the man in the house by the way,
As I walk with the crowd in the road.

Out there in the road that goes by the house,
Where the poet is singing his song,
I'll walk and I'll work midst the heat of the day,
And I'll help falling brothers along—
Too busy to live in the house by the way,
Too happy for such an abode.
And my heart sings its praise to the Master of all,
Who is helping me serve in the road.

—Walter J. Gresham.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - Editor
2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

GROUP ACTION.

When this great war is over our conviction is that there will be in all the countries of the world such group action—or team work, to use a common expression— as has never been known before. It is only through group action that the war can be won by any nation or any combination of nations, and their existence be preserved; and hereafter group action will be found to be the only thing that can make possible any national life, or indeed any kind of life for mankind on the globe. It has got to be "all for each and each for all," or humanity will destroy itself.

Men will have to transcend self then to save the human race, just as in this war they are transcending self in their efforts to save their nations. And this war will help the world only to the extent that it causes men to get the spirit of Him who said, "Thy brother as thyself," and then to a determination to work to get the world on that foundation.

We do not believe that this planet is to be left barren of human life, at least for many ages, yet, and so we believe that out of the lessons learned in the war there will come co-operative movements, group action, team work, which will uplift all mankind.

The United States will not come onto a war footing without millions of people seeing that a great deal of that which is necessary in war time is just as necessary in time of peace Giving oneself, in one way and another, for the nation, which is no more and no less than a giving for the general good, is no more a duty in war than it is in peace.

When our men get over into the trenches in France they will realize, and we at home in our hours of suspense and agony will also realize, that what they are doing there is no scramble or struggle for self, but a struggle for the common good. The strongest, the brightest, the bravest there will not by what he does pile up any goods or treasures to be used simply for himself—he will be doing all for humanity. His gain will be the gain of every one of his fellows.

Are we as a people to go through the awful loss and suffering and agony that this war will bring to us if it goes on for two years or more, and then sink back to a basis of self-interest and selfishness? Will it again be, "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost?"

This is all that the winning of this war means to some people—the saving of the nation so as to allow things to go on in the same old way; believing seemingly that the way had been handed down, ready-made, out of heaven by an infinite intelligence. There are others who have caught the vision of other and better things, the vision the Christ had when he came to the earth to give, not to get. That principle is going to rule in the world some day. How soon, depends very much upon the church.

John Oxenham, a British poet, has given to the world a new volume of poems in which is this stanza:

"If we work as we did in the trenches—
When no man's life was his own,
But each man strove for the good of all,
And worked till the work was done—
We can make this Britain of ours
The happiest land on earth,
Where all men strive for the good of all,
And none shall suffer dearth.
We are here at the cross-roads—waiting;
We claim of our right fair play;
Shall we work as we did in the trenches,
Or win by the rough red way?"

We believe that the church stands today at the cross-roads. Last week we quoted the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church as saying in the annual sermon, "The apostles no more thought of saving themselves or living for themselves than a soldier in battle." Is the church of today—laymen as well as ministers—going to understand the Master as the apostles understood him? or is it going to continue to otherwise interpret him? It is not too early to begin now to ask ourselves the questions, shall we work as we did in the trenches, where each man strove for the good of all, or win by the rough old way?. Shall we help to advance the Christ way—the Christ rule and sway? or shall we help to hold it back?

"All that we glory in was once a dream;
The world-will marches onward, gleam by gleam.
New voices speak, dead paths begin to stir:
Man is emerging from the sepulcher!"

THE REVOLUTIONIZING OF THE GERMAN MIND.

A statement made in Washington a few days ago by Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, the head of the food control bureau, calls for more serious consideration than the average person is apt to give it. Mr. Hoover predicted that the war would continue from two to five years longer, and remarked in that connection:

"The best we can hope for is that by a long-continued war, a war of attrition, a steady grinding, we may succeed in revolutionizing the ideas of the German people, so that we may have accomplished our national objective.

"The objective does not consist of a destruction of the German state nor an extermination of the German people, but consists entirely of a revolution in the German mind."

If Mr. Hoover or anyone else is going around with the belief that any great good will come out of the ending of this war by simply bringing about a revolution in the German mind, he will be disillusioned if he survives the war.

There are many other minds needing revolutionizing; and by the time the war is ended many others also will be revolutionized. The German mind needs revolutionizing no more and no less than the American mind and the British mind. In some particulars it needs revolutioniz-

ing more than other minds; in other particulars it needs it less; but all in all the balance would not tip either way. The war has its roots in self-interest; in commercialism, out of which sprang militarism and navalism. England, long supreme, wanted to maintain existing conditions in her own interests. Germany wanted to overthrow existing conditions, in her own interest. This, as to nations! Turning to individuals we find something similar all around the world. Capital wants to maintain existing conditions in its own interests—hold on to all it has acquired, handle it and use it as each individual owner pleases. Labor wants to overthrow the existing conditions in its own interests—great labor unions saying frankly that each strike won marks no resting place but is meant as a stepping stone for another soon to be launched.

Here are the roots of the war and all wars of whatsoever kind. And until the ideas of nations and of individuals everywhere are revolutionized awful wars of one kind or another will continue to be. When the minds of men are so revolutionized that they realize that the only thing that will save humanity and make possible any continued life on this earth is to build on the foundation of Him who came to give and not to get, a new era will be ushered in. Is national life on that basis today? **No! No! No!** Is individual life, is business life, is industrial life on that basis? **No! No! No!** They are blind who say that any of these is so founded.

The indications now are that this war will go on until minds everywhere are revolutionized. Perhaps in no other way can they be revolutionized. That may be why the United States also is in the war—not merely to help to whip Germany, but to help to whip and to scourge all mankind alike so that the one Living and True God may be enthroned over the god of the world.

Very many persons are of opinion that Germany's mind is the only mind that needs to be revolutionized, because Germany seems to have been planning for years to challenge England's supremacy and to take from her some of that which was England's own. There are many who think that Labor's mind is the only mind in the industrial world that needs to be revolutionized because Labor is continually challenging the capitalist and taking from him a larger share of the profits of industry. Say all that can be said about the sin of covetousness, this stands: The obligation to give is upon him who has—both nation and individual. Christ might have remained in heaven, holding on there to all the glory that he had with the Father before the world was, but he chose to come down to earth in the form of a servant for the good of mankind. What he was, God means us to be. And so long as nations and individuals go on gripping to things for themselves there will be wars in which men will slaughter each other until at length the Christ way is learned and entered upon. And in the vision which the present writer has of the oneness, the unity toward which mankind is moving, he wonders whether the holding on by those who have heaped up great possessions is not the greater sin, and the covetousness the lesser, if distinction can be made. Capital has; Labor covets and challenges; sometimes blood flows and lives are blotted out, but more equality and better conditions result in the long run. Turning now to nations, we find that England had commercially and colonially what Germany did not have. Germany strove to get. England feared her as a future menace and for this and other reasons blocked her way again and again. Likewise other nations. It was out of these struggles for national footholds and for commercial advantages that the great European war sprang, which is now by its unexpected results astonishing the world.

Autocracy, a curse to Russia, has been dethroned in that country. Aristocracy, long an awful blight to England, is going down in that land; in every country in Europe the industrial system has been so shattered as to presage remarkable changes permanently for the good of the common man. Two years of war for the United States and we will be far along toward an industrial democracy.

Although through what is called "monarchial socialism" the condition of the common man in Germany was better for decades tha his condition in any other country, though in that country the idea of "all for each and each for all" operated much more than elsewhere, great changes for the better are foreshadowed there also, because of the war. In all the warring nations men are transcending self. Cora Lenore Williams, a Berkeley teacher, at one time an instructor of mathematics in the University of California, considers this fact at some length in a chapter entitled "The War Justified by the Evolutionary Rhythm," in her recent book on "Creative Involution." Miss Williams says: "The patriotism of French and German soldier alike is ascribable only to consciousness of contact with some higher being. Characterized as no previous conflict has been by the sudden awakening of the individual to something above and beyond himself, the war now waging is a religious war in the deepest sense and this, because Christianity has raised man to the perception of a life beyond self. * * * The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, the giving of self, are manifestly factors making for integration; and it is to these in the last analysis, that the superhuman entities now contending with one another for the survival of the fittest owe their existence. Christ's mission was to bring man to a knowledge of a higher life. His teachings make it most clear that the way to this life is through social cohesion." Miss Williams quotes Scripture, and asks: "In the light of this, who shall say that the Lord of Hosts is not with each and every nation that goes forth to battle calling on His name?" Pretty daring, isn't it? But before the reader condemns, let him turn to our article, "What Some Eminent Preachers in England Are Thinking and Saying," and read there what is said would have been the conditions if England had won the war some time ago.

We must not make evil good, nor good evil, but we would like to get the readers of The Pacific to grip the truth in Edwin Markham's words:

"God is descending from eternity,
And all things, good and evil, build the road.
Yea, down in the thick of things, the men of greed
Are thumping the inhospitable clay.
By wondrous toils the men without the Dream,
Led onward by something unawares,
Are laying the foundations of the Dream,
The Kingdom of Fraternity foretold."

If anyone who reads this article still believes that there are not other than German minds needing revolutionizing, let him turn to our article, "The Wherefore of the Negro Exodus From the South," and read there how some men—some of them church members—have robbed the negro and yet have robbed themselves much more. One more illustration of the eternal truth that "you cannot violate the law of equality for long;" that "whatever you appropriate to yourself now from others by that you will be poorer in the end."

If that isn't sufficient to show that the American mind needs revolutionizing, turn to the article with the caption, "A Magazine Article Filled With Unadulterated Rot."

Somewhere in some of our articles this week we have said that the Church stands at the cross-roads, and now there come to mind the words of Richard Watson Gilder:

"Once again, O Man of Wonder,

Let thy voice be heard!
Speak as with a sound of thunder;
Drive the false thy roof from under,
Teach thy priests thy word."

WHAT SOME EMINENT PREACHERS IN ENGLAND ARE THINKING AND SAYING.

At the meeting of the Synod of the English Presbyterian Church last month the venerable Dr. Monro Gibson remarked in the annual sermon which was based on the "Why not?" of John the Baptist: "The air is thick now with questions in the form of Why not? Why does not God intervene? Why does he not at least afford some explanation of the long delay in vindicating the cause of righteousness and freedom? To the 'Why not?' of John the Baptist, we today know that the answer was the vastness of the Messianic enterprise. John, as he paced his prison cell, was counting the months. Months! he would have had to think in centuries and millenniums! The vastness of the scale would have paralyzed his mind. And this thought should help questioners of today."

"The crushing of German militarism is a great and worthy object, but it is not all that the world needs. If we had crushed Germany right after the battle of the Marne, we should not as a people have learned any weighty lesson. Such a victory would probably have aggravated our national faults and increased our home perils. The axe and the fan and the fire must do their purging work before the Dove of Peace can hopefully descend. As a nation we are learning our lessons, but very slowly. The process would have been much easier and shorter if only the nation's heart had been more open to God and responsive to his call."

Dr. Gibson mentioned then some of the lessons the nation is learning:

"Strong drink is being seen as our worst enemy to be overthrown, and lust as the cancer of the body politic is to be cut out; money is being cast down from its throne —no longer the nation's god, but the servant it ought to be; the people are being gradually weaned from the slavery of selfishness."

Dr. Alexander of Liverpool enforced what Dr. Gibson had said, remarking: "God's judgments are indeed abroad, and he means us to learn righteousness.* * * * Before the war we ministers were preaching to congregations largely inert and sluggish, lapped in pleasure and absorbed in worldly gain. The sense of the Divine seemed dead or dying; enthusiasm even for secular ideals was laughed at. The awful cross of Jesus had fallen, only to be raised for the comfort of the dying and of those whose day and power were spent. Today we preach to fewer people than before, perhaps—though I doubt it; and tomorrow our office-bearers will find it harder than ever to finance their congregations. But we preach today, and we shall be preaching tomorrow to men and women who are not decadent, nor oblivious of the power of great ideals. Our little churches will seem to their office-bearers worthy of great sacrifices."

Dr. George Adam Smith was cheered again and again as he spoke. He said: "This war, tragic and yet noble, will make our preaching more powerful and our message clearer." Dr. Smith's remarks as to the war were outlined as follows in the British Weekly:

It has shown us, (1) the need for repentance individually and nationally—repentance first and repentance all the way. (2) The weakness of our partial and selfish faith, our easy views of God, and our partial views of the character of the Lord Jesus Christ. We were content to accept Christ as our Sacrifice and our Peace, but not as our Conscience. And (3) the glory and power of sacrifice. And we Christians cannot do our duty towards God or the world unless we 'strive unto blood' against sin."

A MAGAZINE ARTICLE FULL OF UNADULTERATED "ROT."

This isn't an elegant caption for an article for The Pacific, but it may be somewhat more expressive and impressive than any other would be. The writer came upon this magazine article recently in the Berkeley public library, in the last number of the Unpopular Review. He remarked then to his friend the Librarian: "If I were a swearing man, I would use an expression thought by some people to be a little more emphatic than any other, the only vent for their pent up feelings; but as it is I remark that this article on 'The Making of Too Much Profit' is full of unadulterated or concentrated "rot.'"

Naturally readers of The Pacific will be interested in learning just what the things were that brought this outburst. We pick out some of the assertions—the wildest, baldest declarations we have ever seen on the industrial question—and make some reply to them.

The articles in the Unpopular Review are always unsigned; and readers do not know until the succeeding number is published two months later who the authors are. Not always, then, is the authorship disclosed. The article now being considered emanates from a business man, and here are some of his astounding declarations:

"I have fifty thousand dollars in money. No matter how I got it! It is mine. No matter what anarchy is approaching, this money is in my pocket today. I have liberty to spend it, if I like, in any way I like. I may buy a big car and drive it all over the world; stop at the best place in every town. I may go and shoot tigers. I may follow the fishing season up and down the country until I get tired of it. I may pick out the spot I like best in all the world, and go and loaf there (socialism holding off) the rest of my life. I have a perfectly legal right and a pretty plausible moral right to have one almighty good time throwing that money at the birds. But I do not throw it. I let it be used to help build a factory, you see that immediately we make jobs for people, construction gangs and so on, and they spend their wages, put money in circulation, and all that. But never mind that. That is the smallest part of it. We believe we are helping everyone in the community, excepting our competitors. When a new buyer enters a market, his bidding operates to raise prices. When a new seller comes, the pressure is downward." * * * * * *

"Every man or woman who comes to work for us, comes of his own free choice, to better himself, because he judges we are offering him a more satisfying situation, all in all, than any one else . Every customer who comes to buy decides in his best judgment that we are offering better value than he can get his hands on elsewhere. If we were not in business—if we had exercised our option of enjoying the spending of our money—both wage-earner and consumer must have been content with something not quite so desirable. The logic of this is plenty strong enough to convince me—the director—that the existence of own concern is a boon to the community, no matter what gain we may incidentally secure for ourselves."

"Market conditions force us to this helpful position, and any claim that we are bound to go further, to do even bet-

ter by labor or by the public than we must, at the expense of own profit, is simply an argument that selected fortunate individuals should give alms to selected individuals of the less fortunate. That question we are not taking up. We are trying only to get you to see the question for what it truly is. It is not a question of justice. Our profit, if we have one, which is rather dubious, has not been taken from any man's pocket. We feel that we created it, as truly as if we had persuaded two stalks of corn to grow where one grew before."

We dissent most emphatically. This man has no right to use his fifty thousand dollars as he pleases. There is doubtless a legal right, but there is no moral right, and the latter is the higher right and accordingly in the finality the only right. It is the right that is going to prevail and rule ere long on the earth—not simply up in heaven as some good and blinded souls go on believing—and any business man who governs himself as this business man of the Unpopular Review article does is heaping up wrath for the sure day of judgment. There is a Power in the universe, call it God or call it what you will, center it in man or center it outside of and above man—it is a something that every person of any vision well knows is working to the destruction of such an idea as this man holds to. And it is going on to sure victory no matter who or what has to be ground to powder under the wheels of its triumphal chariot. Nothing else is possible!

Another of the absurd ideas of the business man of the Unpopular Review article is the one that every man who goes into business and furnishes employment to people thereby is a benefactor. If he helps others a little bit, betters their condition a little, he believes that he has a perfect right to help himself a big bit. He says to labor practically what a millionaire said some years ago when he remarked, "the public be damned!" "You can take it on my terms or let it alone!" It won't do! It won't work! We shall have wars and rumors of wars everywhere in the industrial world until a less selfish notion prevails.

In the course of his article this business man puts forth the following:

"You want my neighbor sent to prison for paying girls six dollars a week. If he had never built his factory where would they be? Is nothing a week so much better than six dollars? He knows the trouble girls have. He will thank you on his knees if you will tell him how to help them more. But when you ask him to raise their wages, and to continue in business so as to provide employment for them, you should furnish a private gold mine under his office desk. His whole income year with year, would not add forty cents a week to each girl's envelope."

It is beyond question that there are today thousands of business men who are abundantly able to pay working girls and others higher wages and still have a fair profit left. They are not down on their knees trying to ascertain how they can do this; not a few of them are down on their knees trying to cajole God into the belief that they are dealing justly with their employees though keeping them on a bare subsistence while they themselves are coining profits.

Even forty or fifty cents a week would mean a great deal to many a poor working girl.

There are some men who are making a big per cent on their investments who are not paying a living wage; they pile up year by year far more than they use in living handsomely. Some of that big per cent should go to the men and women who help to make it, regardless of the fact whether it adds forty cents or forty dollars to their wages. And be assured, business man, it is going that way ere long unless God abdicates the throne of the universe. There is a day not far distant when very few people on this planet will desire it to be otherwise.

Tolstoy at the age of fifty-five, yielding to the social ambitions of his wife, left his rural home and went to spend a winter in the fashionable circles of Moscow. Here for the first time he met the awful contrasts of modern life. In Moscow Tolstoy saw for one thing powdered gentlemen and perfumed ladies being driven to and from the dance in gaily trimmed carriages drawn by prancing horses in silver mounted harness, while the same streets were lined with wretched human beings rotting with disease, and starving and freezing. He opened his purse and sought to relieve this great distress, but realized soon that the giving of his private funds was wholly inadequate. Tolstoy did not cease to relieve as he could, but he did what was a further and greater aid, he wrote what has been called the keenest arraignment of modern social conditions ever written.

A constantly increasing number of persons is arraigning social conditions and great changes will come ere long.

The writer of this astounding article expresses the conviction that the State, as an employer of public services corporations, announces in advance a penalty for effective work. "We say to transportation and lighting companies, 'Look out! If you earn over six per cent we are going to cut your rates, so you will have to exert yourself to earn six per cent next year.' When we give any man the chance to choose between earning seven per cent this year, by sweating hard, and five per cent next year, and indefinitely, by the same sweat; and the alternative of earning five and nine-tenths per cent every year, eased up, it is fair to expect that he will ease up.

"I have heard of a little inter-county railroad living under such a threat. The rumor is that they once discontinued a profitable passenger run, to the serious annoyance of the public, to avoid making too much money.

"In such a case there is no incentive to economy. Waste is no crime.There is no eagerness to beat last year's record, no tension to keep the force keyed up where it should be. Achievement is penalized. The company does not care for improvements. The life is gone out of the organization; it is eased up—slack, and the public pays."

The selfishness in the foregoing is awful. Grant the existence of such a spirit of course. But it will be burned out or shot out, or blasted out of men in some way. No man who is in any sense a follower of Christ can stand for it for an instant in this enlightened age. The world will either dethrone Jesus of Nazareth or it will go on to something higher and holier than that. It will be "all for each and each for all."

Stopping work simply because you can't have all the profit for yourself! Think of it in the light of the life and teachings of the Man of Nazareth! The sooner corporations that want to make all for themselves go out of existence, the better will it be for mankind.

But the states that are now supervising transportation and lighting companies are not cutting down to a small per cent. They are merely seeing to it that they do not gouge the public.

Another notion doomed to go is found in the following:

"We buy at a price we do not control, except in so far as our bidding has tended to increase it. We sell at a price about which we have nothing to say, except that our entrance into the market has had more or less influence to lower it. Between the two we must insert our expense, and then, if there is room, our profit. Compression of the expense—which is management—is what makes room for profit.

Now go one step farther with me, and please do not lose this. **It is to the interest of us all that there should be profit.** Remember that legitimate competitive profit, made without fraud, does not and cannot, as a broad proposition, mean anything but good management. It is no indication of the grinding of labor or of whip-sawed consumers. And the more money there is made, in any branch of commerce, the more adventuring capital will be attracted into it, the more the selling price of the product must be forced down, and the greater must be the portion of it that is transmitted to labor."

That man is blind who holds that there is any longer such a thing as competition in trade save in exceptional cases. The principle of which he speaks works in a limited manner of course, but the incoming of new capital results ultimately in the standardizing of prices. Business men concluded sometime ago that it was foolish to be working to cut each the other's throat. All feel that they must live, and the more there are in any one line of business the more the effort is to force prices up. Let a few more get into any one line of trade in the cities about the bay, and after a while prices will go up inevitably and stay up, unless the people can go down to San Jose or Los Angeles to make their purchases in the long run!

It doesn't always work that way of course. Nor are efforts to advance prices for other reasons always successful. For instance: A few months ago book dealers in some cities hereabout desired to put the sale price of a book up from twenty-five cents to fifty cents. One dealer declined to enter into agreement, saying that he could pay the additional price at wholesale and sell the book then for thirty-five cents and make a reasonable profit.

These book dealers had to pay a few cents more for the book than aforetime because of the advance in paper, but they advanced the retail price several times over. It is a sample of what has occurred in many lines of trade since the war broke out; and is but one of the many things pointing to the supervision in the not distant future of many more business enterprises than the public service corporations. The big corporations are not hurting the average man nearly so much as many of the lesser lights are.

In the course of his article this deluded business knight proceeds to ask, "Are you impatient, when you buy farm produce, because the composite middleman gets a larger share of the retail price than the farmer does?" After setting forth the process in all its detail, he concludes: "The farmer might do these things if he would, and have the middleman's spoil for himself. It would not pay him wages."

Pray, why not? If it pays the middleman why shouldn't it pay the farmer? No fool that ever walked the earth would think that each individual farmer would try to do this for himself. But a company of farmers could do it and knock the middleman out sky high.

THE WHEREFORE OF THE NEGRO EXODUS FROM THE SOUTH.

The Hand Business Men and Church Men Have Had in Robbing the Negro.

Mr. J. Taylor Kennerly, the managing editor of the Montgomery, Alabama, Advertiser, says in the first of a series of articles in the New York Post that it is because the negro has been exploited pretty generally that several hundred thousand have sought and secured work in the North in the last few months.

Mr. Kennerly is a Southern born man and doesn't want any change in social standards, but declares that he has started out to drive home "the fact that the whole economic, commercial, educational and moral attitude of the white man has assumed and still assumes toward the negro is wrong; and that while the white man has robbed the negro of millions of dollars through keeping the black man in ignorance, he has also lost millions through the same methods and will continue to do so until he himself changes these deplorable conditions—conditions which should not be tolerated in any civilized community.

The mayor of Montgomery is quoted as follows:

"There is money in farming, lots of it, but the negro farmer has been systematically robbed by the white man since the close of the Civil War. They haven't been treated right and no one can blame them for quitting the soil. If the negro farmers would be returned all the interest in excess of 8 per cent. charged them for money advanced them, they would today be living in brownstone mansions, just as the rich white advancers do. How the negro has been treated is borne out by an instance which happened last week. An old negro came to me and asked me if I could 'advance' him this year. I asked him if he had had a 'falling out' with his white folks. He replied that his white folks, who had been making money off him for twenty-five years, had decided to refuse him any credit this year, as the feared he was growing old and perhaps would die before another crop was made."

The foregoing was published in the Montgomery Journal, and the writer of the Post article tells what ensued:

"Mayor Robertson is a man who says what he thinks, and every word he uttered in this statement is the whole truth and nothing but the truth, despite the fact that, after some of his advisers got after him during the day, he came out with a column article in the Advertiser the following morning, stating 'that what he said was taken from a private conversation among a number of gentlemen where a newspaper reporter happened to be present; that his staement was not intended for publication, but that he always had contended and still contends that the white man of the South is the negro's best friend.

The editor of the Advertiser, who writes the New York Post article says as to this:

"And the pity of it all is the large majority of the people of Alabama and the entire South feel just as the Mayor of Montgomery—the Cradle of the Confederacy—does about the negro problem. They feel that the negro is a product of the South, and that he should remain in the South for the white man to do with as he pleases. While it is true that only a small per cent. of the white population actually and wilfully rob the negro, it is also just as true that the remainder of the population sanctions and defends such robbery, and believes in its heart that they are doing the right thing. The only answer to the negro probdem is that a 'negro is a negro, and that you can't and should not attempt to make anything else out of him.' They have seen the black man robbed so many years they have come to think that the business of cheating negroes is just as legitimate as the banking or any other high-class business. Some of the richest men in the South—men who live in great Colonial mansions and who have been the guiding spirit in building some of the greatest churches in their respective communities—have made all their money robbing their negro tenants, and their friends do not deny it in their family chats. But let such a story gain circulation in other sections of the United States, and the man responsible for it will receive more abuse in an hour than the devil could possibly heap upon him in a week in his favorite domain.

"All of which is just a brief note to explain that I know

exactly how this series of articles will be received by the people and the newspapers of the South. However, the writer is a Southerner and his sole object in writing these articles is not to abuse the South, but to awaken the people of this veritable Garden of Eden to the sad fact that, while they have been either systematically robbing, or a party to such robbing, of the negro for fifty years, they have also been robbing themselves."

There was a time when blood-hounds were put on the track of slaves trying to escape from their masters. Today in Alabama there is a movement to stop the exodus from economic slavery by a heavy tax on all labor agents working there—all agents and sub-agents. It is $500 state and $250 county license.

"THE FIERY TRIAL."

A Study of 1 Peter IV. 12-19, by the Rev. J. H. Jowett, Pastor of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

. . "The fiery trial which is to try you." I should have supposed that one of the perquisites of sainhood was deliverance from suffering. One would have anticipated that part of the inheritance of grace would be freedom from sorrow and tears. The fiery trial would be kept remote. The flames would never reach us. The enemy would be stayed, and we should sit down in happy quietness at the King's feast. But this is not the program of Christianity; Christianity is almost alarmingly daring in the obtrusive emphasis it gives to the darker elements in its program. There is no attempt to hide or obscure them. No effort is made to engage our attention to the "green pastures and still waters," and to distract us from the affrighting valley of shadow and gloom. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "In the world ye shall see tribulation." "Perfected through suffering." "Let him take up his cross daily and follow me." "The fiery trial which is to try you!" These are not words which are addressed to "murderers," or "thieves"; they are quietly spoken to the saints, to men and women whose lives are pledged to virtue, and who are aspiring after the holiness of the perfected life in Christ.

Then let us just note this. Our sufferings do not prove that our religion is counterfeit. Our many temptations do not throw suspicion on our sonship. Our trials are not the marks of our alienation. Do not let us think that we are "strangers," because our robes are some times stained with our blood. "Think it not strange," says this much-schooled apostle, "think it not strange." Do not think you have never been naturalized, super-naturalized, that you are still a foreigner, an outcast from the home and redemptive grace! These are the happenings of the home country! They are not the marks of foreign rule, they are the signs of paternal government. You are in your Father's house. God will convert the apparent antagonism into the ministries of heavenly grace. The oppressive harrow as well as the genial sunshine is part of the equipment needed for the maturing and perfecting of the fruits of the earth.

What then is the purpose of the fiery trial? What is the meaning of this permitted ministry of suffering? First of all, the fiery trial tests our character. It discharges the purpose of an examination. Now the examination, rightly considered, is a vital part of our schooling. An examination is a minister of revelation. It reveals us to ourselves It unfolds our strengths and our weakness. We know where we are. It is even so in the larger examinations afforded by the discipline of life. Our crises are creative of self-revelation. Our inner life is opened out and we see its strengths and its infirmities. Now I want to confess that I think the revelation is usually attended by grateful surprise. Our strength and our power of endurance fill us with amazement. When the trial was looming in the distance, and we contemplated it from afar, we spake in this wise,—"I do not see how I can possibly bear it. It will be more than I can edure." And then the crisis came near to us; it touched us with its clammy hand it embraced us, and yet how calm and how strong we were in the very midst of the terrific season! How spake we then? "I never thought I could have gone through it." And so, as the Apostle Paul would say, "Probation worketh hope." The heavy discipline is creative of assurance. The very terror becomes the nutriment of my confidence.

Secondly, the fiery trial confirms the character. The hard discipline not only reveals our character, it strengthens and solidifies it. Hard trial makes hard muscle. Too soft water makes flabby limbs. Too soft water makes no bone. Too soft circumstances make no bone. No backbone! Luxuriousness is not the cradle of giants. It is not unsuggestive that the soft and beautiful tropics are not the home of the strong, indomitable, and progressive peoples. The pioneering and progressive races have dwelt in sterner and hardier times. The lap of luxury does not seem to afford the elemental iron for the up-bringing of strong and enduring life. Hardness hardens, antagonism solidifies; trials inure and confirm. Men who have been soft and irresolute have frequently been hardened into splendid decision by the ministry of antagonism and pain. Is it not this to which our Saviour referred when He hinted at the transformation of Peter? "Thou are Simon," a hearer, a man of loose hearsays and of easy opinions. "Thou shalt be called Peter," a rock, a man of hard compact and resolute conviction. The loose saint was to be changed into granite, but only through the ministry of fire. He was transfigured through hardness. "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

Thirdly, the fiery trial develops character. I use the word develop as the photographer uses it. He uses it to express the process of bringing out into visibility the buried outlines of his picture. He immerses the plate in a dish of liquid; he tilts the dish from side to side; the liquid washes and rewashes the face of the plate, and little by little the hidden graces are disclosed. "All thy billows are gone over me." That is the developing ministry of the waters of sorrow. They bring out the softer graces of the character, they develop its finer lines. It reveals itself in more exquisite loveliness, from strength to strength, and from glory to glory.

I do not wonder that with conceptions such as these, and with such outlooks, the Apostle calls upon his Christian readers to lift up their heads, not to walk as children of shame, but to step out buoyantly as children of rejoicing. See the motives which he adduces to encourage this spirit of rejoicing. Look at your companionship. "Ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings." In the furnace there is One with you like unto the Son of man. He is your inseparable Companion. Anybody who is familiar with Samuel Rutherford's letters, letters chiefly written to men and women in sorrow, will know how upon almost every page he brings near to the heart of the sufferer this thought of the consoling companionship of Christ. "Yet I do persuade myself ye know that the weightiest end of the cross of Christ that is laid upon you lieth upon your strong Saviour; for Isaiah saith, In all your afflictions he is afflicted. Glad may your soul be even to walk in the fiery furnace with One Who is like unto the Son of man, Who is also the Son of God. Courage! Happy your heart when ye do tire, He will bear both your burden and you."

Look at the character of the operator. "The Spirit of glory resteth upon you." Even in the fiery trial the Glory-spirit, the Maker of glory, rests close upon our spirit. He rests there as though He were controlling all the environing hardships and trials, and converting them into ministries of beauty and grace. The immeasurable waters of Niagara generate electrical power of most destructive strength, and yet a man may employ the power to finely engrave the name of his loved one upon a jewel. And these multitudinous waters of sorrow, which might prove so destructive, are employed by the Spirit of glory to write our Father's name upon our forehead. If the flood is in the hands of the Glory-spirit we need not shrink in fear. In some hands the implements used in surgery would be implements of mutilation and murder, but in the hands of a wise and confident surgeon they are the ministries of sanity and health. Look, cries the apostle, at the character of the operator, and you will be filled with rejoicing.

And look again, he says, at the splendid issues. "At the revelation of his glory, ye may rejoice with exceeding joy." Why this jubilant rejoicing? Because when the Lord is revealed in His glory, it shall then be disclosed that we are partakers of the glory. The Spirit of glory which has been resting upon us will have wrought us into the Master's likeness. We "shall be manifested with him in glory." Once again God will look upon His work and declare that it is good.

Well, now, if this be the ministry of trial, surely the fiery trial is a solemn necessity. Luxurious ease would destroy us. If the winds remained asleep we should all sink into softness and impotence. Life would drowse along in effeminate dreams. The glory of the perfected life would never be ours. And so life must have its crises. It requires its judgments. Judgment must "begin at the house of God." Even the consecrated folk need to be examined, need to be confirmed, need to be developed. Even Paul must be thrown into the fiery furnace. Even John must feel the pain of the stinging flame. And if this is needed by Paul and Peter and John, how much more by me! "If it begin first" at Paul, what shall be needed for me? If judgment begin with the Church, with the souls who have offered themselves in trembling consecration to the Lord, how shall it fare with the godless and the indifferent? "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" What a work is our salvation! These wills, these desires, these yearnings, these bodies! What manifold ministries our God has to set to work in order that we may be clothed in His likeness! What toil God has with us, even with Peter, and John, and Paul! "Tribulation .....worketh hope, and hope needeth not to be ashamed."

"Wherefore" what shall we do? What is the secret of triumph? Make a venture of faith. "Commit your souls." Deposit them as a trust in the hands of your Creator. "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit." Engage in a life of service. "Commit your souls in well-doing." Convert your days into poems of goodness, fill them with the sweet minstrelsy of beneficence. Let your eyes be possessed by a happy expectancy. God is "a faithful Creator." The consecrated life will justify itself; it will at length arrive and find itself at home with God. And so let us hold fast to the heartening truth—

"That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led.
Yet if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day."

A POEM WRITTEN BY HORACE GREELEY IN THE DARK DAYS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

O God! our way thro' darkness leads
But thine is living light;
Teach us to feel that day succeeds
To each slow wearing night.
Make us to know, tho' pain and woe
Beset our mortal lives,
That ill at last in death lies low
And only good survives.

Too long the oppressor's iron heel
The saintly brow has pressed;
Too oft the tyrant's murderous steel
Has pierced the guiltless breast.
Yet in our souls the seed shall lie
Till thou shalt bid it thrive
Of steadfast faith that wrong shall die
And only right survive.

We walk in shadow; thickest walls
Do man from man divide.
Our brothers spurn our tenderest calls,
Our holiest aims deride.
Yet tho' fell craft with fiendish thought
Its subtle web contrives.
Still falsehood's textures shrink to naught
And only truth survives.

Wrath clouds our sky, war lifts on high
His flag of crimson stain.
Each monstrous birth o'erspreads the earth
In battle's gory train.
Yet still, we trust in God the just.
Still keep our faith alive
That 'neath thine eye all hate shall die
And only love survive.

A BRITISH CHAPLAIN AND PRINCE FREDERICH KARL OF PRUSSIA.

Prince Frederick Karl of Prussia, a nephew of the Kaiser, and an aeronaut, was wounded in an air conflict not long ago and fell into the hads of the Australian troops. An English chaplain visited him in the general hospital and the young man talked freely with him. One day Prince Karl said to the chaplain: "The Australians were good to me; the officers and soldiers who attended me coming down the line were very considerate, and the whole atmosphere of the hospital is kindness. God is with me. When I was christened the pastor read out a text from the Bible, which he repeated at my confirmation, and gave me as my life-long message from God. I fear that I did not value it enough before I was wounded, but since then it has been a source of consolation to me. It keeps returning to my thoughts. It is 'If God be for us who can be against us?' What greater evidence could I have of its truth than the kindness which has been shown me? Now you come daily to speak of God and pray for me. I am grateful to you and all who wish me well. I lie here a helpless prisoner, but I have no regrets. I did my best for my country, and I am not sorry I am finished with the war. I want to live. I am young, and when the war is over I shall go back and help to build up my nation again."

The chaplain wrote: "I took him chocolates and magazines which my friends in England sent me, and he was

profuse in his thanks when accepting them. He said: 'You are sure I am not robbing others more deserving than I am?' He shook hands with me each time I came and went. An hour or so before he died, I prayed with him. He was then very weak and ill. When I finished he opened his eyes and with a smile said: 'Thank you, thank you very much.' He soon fell into unconsciousness from which he never recovered."

RELIGIOUS EFFECT IN EUROPE OF THE WAR.

Bishop Brent, of the Episcopal Church in the Philippines, spent four months in Europe recently, mostly at the front in France. He stated a few days ago in New York that while it was not possible to make sweeping generalizations, yet he was confident that in the main the war had made for constructive belief. With reference to France Bishop Brent said:

"Let us turn first to France. Prior to the war there it was considered something of an offense if an officer showed himself to be religious by his conversation, or by in any way revealing his soul. To-day it is quite the opposite. This is what happened: I was at mess with a group of staff officers, the ranking officer a man of great eminence. The question of religion not only to soldiers, but to the whole nation, was introduced by one of them. He told me that he thought the war had revived the Christian religion, and that, moreover, the revival had come to stay.

"He gave me this reason: The soldiers found themselves confronted with death continuously, and this led them to the conclusion that the only things worth considering were the things that this life and the life beyond the grave had in common. They discovered, he said, new value. He frankly told me that he was a religious man. And all this was during the course of an ordinary conversation. It was taken as a matter of course.

"Everywhere I went along the French line I saw evidence of religion. In Verdun they have a beautiful little chapel and a very fine chaplain. Even amidst the ruins of Souville there was a place burrowed out where services were held. As you know, there are a great many priests with the French army, and it is not uncommon to see a soldier making his confession right in the trenches.

"So far as church attendance is a sympton of reality in religion, the attendance in the churches throughout France indicates that the people are truly worshipping. I went into churches in a great many places, not merely in Paris, but in towns behind the line outside the zone of actual fightng. They were always crowded.

"Of course, I do think," he continued, "that the constant facing of death makes men more or less fatalistic. I felt myself as the soldier feels when the shells were whistling over my head, 'Is that shell labelled with my name?' I see nothing, however, especially irreligious in that sort of fatalism. There is a Christian fatalism and a naturalistic fatalism, or, in other words, a fatalism that trusts in God and a fatalism that trusts in luck. The kind one finds in the trenches has been expressed in a verse by Julian Grenfell, written about a month before he was killed:

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

"Coming to England you have a different religious genius, but there is no question about that nation being stirred to its very depths. H. G. Wells has criticised very severely the recent national mission of repentance of the established church, and no doubt some of his criticism is true. At the same time Mr. Wells is not in any position to be a religious critic. When he gives a vision of religion that is so compelling and powerful that the religion which he criticises becomes pale and insignificant beside his own ideal, he will become a critic worthy of attention. Not until then, however.

"So far as the soldiers are concerned, you will find a great variety of religious reaction. But in the main, the war has made for constructive belief. Take, for instance, the case of large numbers of men, men of culture, character, position and wealth, who prior to the war were drifting along without any serious aim. Great numbers of these men have found their soul in the war. Men like Julian Greenfell and his brother, Billy. Men of literary talent have been made to sound the note of sincerity and power through the war that would not have come to fruition otherwise. Hankey's book, "A Student in Arms," is a good illustration.

"Generals and other high ranking officers, who have not been especially religious, now confess that they have been driven to prayer by the weight of their anxieties and responsibilities. I remember taking an ordinary service at the front when there were four major-generals present, the ranking one being commander of an army. This was not an exception. It was a commonplace. The Tommies are single-minded chaps and very readily respond to religious appeal. It is not an uncommon thing, before an offensive takes place, for the men to ask the chaplain to hold the communion service. You find readiness to sacrifice self, to lay down life everywhere.

"As for the great body of civilians, both in France and England, you find a heroic and magnificent spirit. Parents actually rejoice to give their sons to a cause which they believe to be greater than anything in life. France has become transfigured by this spirit, and England almost as much so. I didn't find a single person among the hundreds I talked to, who had lost sons, who showed any bitterness. And in every instance there was a reaching out for God.

"War does reveal the worst in men, however, as well as bring out the best, so one must not make a sweeping generalization as though it were solely a movement Godward. The evil excesses and self-indulgence of certain splentions of society are just as terrific as the religious splendor and the self-sacrifices of other sections are magnificent. War is undoubtedly an evil, and it depends on the choice of the people who are face to face with the hideous realities of it whether they become ennobled or debased. That choice the people of the United States must soon make. As to the outcome here and in Europe, I have enough belief in the innate power of man, guided by the spirit of God, to be convinced that a new epoch of sincerity lies on the horizon.

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. In spite of all the selfishness that chills the world like east winds, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! The heart knoweth.—Emerson.

Good, better best!
Never let it rest
Till your good is better
And your better best.

"THE POWER BEHIND."

A Book Review by the Rev. J. H. Heald, D.D.

(Rev. Dr. Heald has been for many years our Home Missionary Superintendent in New Mexico and Arizona. Rev. Mr. Hanson is the efficient pastor of our church at the border city of El Paso, Texas. This paper, a review of "The Power Behind,", by Rev. Miles Hanson, was read by Dr. Heald at the recent meeting of our Arizona Conference, and elicited so much interest that its publication was requested.—W. C. P.)

One said long ago, "O that my enemy would write a book!" hoping, probably to get even with him by criticising it. My feeling in the present case, however, is entirely different. I am a very friendly critic, although I shall try to be a faithful one. It is a dangerous venture to write a book. A minister in Texarkana tried it, and soon found the Presbyterian braves on his track, with their scalping knives whetted. Fortunately he was able to escape to a city of refuge known as Congregationalism. But with Mr. Hanson, it was far otherwise. He wrote a book, and got away with it; was even rewarded by a call to Boston. Nevertheless, he shall not escape without having to run the gauntlet of our criticism. I present my thoughts with some misgiving, as I have had time only for a rapid reading of the book. I may not have gained correct impressions; yet it may be of some value to know what sort of impressions it has made upon one reader, who at least has approached it with open mind and friendly spirit.

The author disarms some of our criticism beforehand by telling us that the book is published without revision from the notes of a stenographer. Few could stand it as well as he, to have their actual talk transferred to the printed page. Although the fervor and flavor of the spoken word is thus better retained, one is sometimes inclined to wish he had subjected it to revision.

He who peruses the book could hardly fail to get a correct impression of the genial, winsome personality of the author.

As to the literary style, I do not set myself up as a competent critic, being not only too busy a man, but also a prejudiced party, as being myself a preacher. Some things, however, are obvious. The style is characterized by great simplicity, the quality that seems the easiest, and is the hardest, to attain. Beauty and charm, rather than vigor and strength are the qualities more in evidence; not that the latter are absent, but not present in so marked degree. It is pithy rather than epigrammatic, virile rather than forceful.

The book indicates extensive reading on the part of the author, and yet, as it seems to me, mainly along particular lines; literature, poetry, philosophy, and theology I judge to be his favorite lines. Of science he is a student, rather than a master. He is an evolutionist—as who is not in these days?—but an idealistic evolutionist, one who looks beyond the cold, hard facts for ulterior meanings. I fear it has to be said even that he overlooks some of the hard facts; for evolution is in its way as relentless as Calvinism; and the doctrine of heredity as terrible as that of total depravity.

Like Jesus, Mr. Hanson has great fondness for nature, and beautiful descriptive passages occur in his sermons. He is a deep, rather than a close observer; sees the far things more than the near. When he tells of irrigating by night it is the stars that he sees. I wouldn't doubt that the water broke through a gopher hole and got away from him while he was gazing at the stars, and meditating on celestial things.

His temperament is poetical rather than practical and he has the virtues and the vices of that temperament. He sees great and high things and depicts them in striking colors, but sometimes stumbles over the common and casual.

Above all he is an idealist. The real world for him is the ideal one. His world is a world of thought rather than of fact. He loves beautiful thoughts, and abhors unpleasant facts. His grip on ideals is strong and masterful, his hold on facts is weak and inconsequent. He does not appear to think a fact worth even the trouble of verifying; it is of little importance anyway!

In his presentation of religion, thought and ideals have the right of way, while facts get small attention. His presentation of ideal things is of surpassing value, but would have had even greater value if anchored to some solid facts. He always takes sides with prophet against priest, with ideal against fact—whereas the prophet was as often flighty or false as the priest was gross and material, and the ideal is apt to get far astray when not anchored to fact. If he is not quite fair in this, it is not that he does not want to be, for he is one of the fairest men I have ever known. Although he means to be absolutely fair, his temperament sometimes gets away with him. He seems to have a temperamental dislike for the positive; is naturally agnostic, and seems actually to prefer possibility to certainty. The hazy atmosphere of the British Isles seems to have got into his blood. The bright glare of our light must be painful. A light that reveals things in their sheer reality seems indecent. If he saw stark, naked reality stalking to meet him, he would probably run. But then, he never would have seen it. His thought would have been on higher things. When he seeks for real things he reaches for the clouds as naturally as some grope for the dust. His idealism really is a fine, high thing, nevertheless.

I must take sharp issue with him in his slighting estimate of the value of facts and the seeming implication that there are no religious facts of value. Also as to the sort of laboratory test that he seems to think necessary to prove the validity of a religious fact. Psychologically that is a fact which produces conviction of its reality. Religious truth is of little value to us until it comes to possess the force of fact. It requires, as it seems to me, the interweaving of truth of ideal and truth of fact to make the complete truth. However, it may be that the fragmentary way in which things must be presented in a brief sermon is partly responsible for the seeming disregard of this important element of truth. It is hardly fair to judge a man's thought on any important subject from a sermon.

Transparent sincerity is one of the fine qualities in evidence throughout the book. Special pleading is conspicuous by its absence. He hates and despises cant and will go all the way around Robin Hood's barn to keep from traveling in its company. Rather than follow the beaten track of well used expressions he takes to the untrodden ways and makes a new path at considerable trouble to himself, and the risk that his hearers will not follow him. Jesus compared the wise teacher to the householder who out of his treasures brought forth things new and old. Our author has a distinct predilection for the new. His insistence on new words may not be intended to discredit old ideas, but often has that effect. His feeling may be that the old expressions have become so incrusted with tradition and filled with cant that they have lost their usefulness. And in this he is doubtless right to a large degree. To those who have lost faith in old beliefs this method has its value; and in opposite manner to those who have come to accept form and formula for reality, and need to be startled out of their complacency. I cannot but feel, however, that his method involves losses as well as gains,

and commend rather the example of the Master who was careful not to detract one jot or tittle from law and prophets until he could lodge in the hearts of his hearers the fuller meaning of his message.

What shall we say of the value of his message? The sermons, like those of all preachers, are of uneven value. In such a sermon as that on "The Three Gardens," he touches the deep springs of life. On the other hand I can see little excuse for such a sermon as that on prayer. It would leave the hearer in the trough of the waves, having lost the elevation of the old childlike faith and not having gained that which the newer thinking should give. He appears to have lost the support of the old theology without having gained that of the new psychology. This sermon is the more disappointing because of the inspiring view of God given in other sermons. It belongs to that depressing era of religious agnosticism that I had hoped we had safely passed.

Our author is an out and out optimist, and his optimism is of great value, although, as it seems to me, not always supported by facts. The only damper upon it is that of the war, which often casts its shadow athwart his spirit. One senses here a tragedy—not merely of the heart, but also to the thought. The war seems somehow to contradict his high estimate of human nature. One feels that he has been hardly treated by harsh facts, and that it was exceedingly shabby to treat so fine a spirit in so foul a manner.

The ethic of the preacher is that of the sermon on the mount. On this side his message is exceedingly fine. He stands by the beatitudes in the face of all the seeming contradictions of life, and really believes that the meek shall inherit the earth. His spirit shows much of the gentle-lamb. On the other hand we miss something of that terrible strength that made Jesus the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, led him to hurl his awful indictments at the scribes and Pharisees, and to drive out of the temple the money-changers and other animals with the thick lash his own hands had plaited.

The supreme value of his message, as it seems to me, is in his strong presentation of the reality of God as the infinite Spirit in whom we live and move and have our being, and the spiritual character of the universe. In this respect I place a high value upon his message. It is admirably calculated to help those who have lost faith in those realities. To those who already have positive religious convictions, such preaching might not appeal. They might miss something that seemed to them vital. But I am sure that it is well calculated to lead the agnostic and the doubter into a growing faith in God.

To men immersed in material things his message of the spiritral side of life is exceedingly uplifting. In this he meets affectionately one of the greatest needs of our times.

His appeal is mainly to quiet, thoughtful people; to such as find their difficulties in the world of thought rather than of action or passion. As to the crowds who feel more than they think, and who act on feeling rather than on calm calculation, I am not sure that these sermons would grip them.

For those to whom the message is adapted the appeal should be exceeding strong. And yet—and yet—I am not sure how far it would carry them. That it would set them to thinking and help them to arrive at a tenable faith I am sure. Would it lead them to commit themselves definitely to the life of faith and service? Right here I am in doubt. I confess to a feeling that there is a lack of dynamic, and the absence of the tremendous EITHER, OR, which is an element of the greatest preaching.

Yet, he is a real preacher. He has a real message, and one that is for the times in which we live: a message that is spiritual, earnest and uplifting. I am glad the prayers were printed with the sermons. They show the preacher as a man of the Spirit, who is constantly feeling after Him who is not far from every one of us, and into whose fellowship he constantly strives to bring his hearers.

THE ARIZONA CONFERENCE.

By W. C. Pond

It was my great privilege to be present at its annual meeting held at Prescott from May 22nd to 24th. It carried me back as if in actual present experience sixty years, more or less, to the early meetings of the General Association of California, when our ministerial membership was about the same as I found in this Conference. Eleven churches were represented, including one which is just across the line in New Mexico, whose pastor travelled, coming and going, about 600 miles—a greater distance in miles, but much less in time and expense than that which I was accustomed to take when my field was Sierra county and my home was at its county-seat in Downieville. I used to start at two o'clock in the morning and reach Marysville at 4 p. m. The next day I rode forty miles to Sacramento and then took steamer for San Francisco, reaching this city at night or early the next morning. The cost of the trip and return was about $150.00 and additional expenses sometimes reached $150.00 more.

The smaller membership, both then and now, had its real advantages. Every member, pastor, or delegate had something to do. Consequently we all became mutually well acquainted, and acquaintance ripened into warm brotherly love. There came also through the familiar discussion and the detailed reports from the churches such mutual sympathy as made every vote unanimous. This was the case at Prescott without exception, and was almost always so with us in '53 and after.

Our meetings of long ago were always cheery: this one was abundantly so. Bro. Hartshorn of Prescott was overflowing with it, and not without reason. He had just received the Year Book for 1916, and reviving arithmetic studies, had ascertained that there was in 1916 an increase, both in membership and in Benevolent offerings, of 25 per cent—a percentage larger than that in any other Conference in the whole country. I have not attempted to verify his arithmetic; I am too glad to accept it as correct—would be badly disappointed to find it otherwise. And the news from his own church was cheering above that of any sister church. Repairs and improvements on the edifice involving a cost of $6500, have been provided for and are for the most part completed. It is now a gem. The benevolent offerings in 1916 amounted to $919.00. Thirty persons have been received to the church and its present membership numbers 149. More are now ready to be received. The Sunday-school seemed to me to be almost ideal. It is backed up by various enterprises—scouts for the boys, camp-fires for the girls, etc. The increase in attendance is nearly 25 per cent.

Another pastor won from Southern California is Rev. C. N. Hand, formerly of Lemon Grove—the Registrar of the Conference. His church is at Tempe, a village in the fine

Salt River Valley. To it 34 have been added during the year, twelve on confession. The benevolences have increased $179.00. The Budget for current expenses is greater than ever before by $200.00, and the building of a parsonage is about to be undertaken at a cost of $1050 towards which about $400 are already subscribed.

The Moderator was Rev. Arie Binkhorst, a thoroughly Americanized Dutchman and an ideal Moderator, knowing how to press business to a right conclusion with a movement as gentle as it was effective. He is a graduate of the "School of Religion" at Yale, and does credit to that now famous seminary. Several years ago I visted the church at Tucson of which he is now the pastor and saw too plainly that on account of the location of the meeting-house it seemed to be on the road to extinction. That which has saved it is a removal to the fine street leading up to the University of Arizona, and the effective ministry of Brother Binkhorst. Nothing of this appeared in his story of the year, but the Year Book shows that 35 persons were received to the church during 1916 and its present membership numbers 106.

I was specially interested in the report from Humboldt and in Mr. George E. Guild, its pastor, who has been but a month on the field. He is a recent graduate of the Atlanta (Georgia) Theological Seminary, whose president was for two years or more a co-worker with us in California. He is not yet ordained, but soon will be. The showing for this church in the Year Book is not specially cheering, but the outlook for the future seems fine. He will have two sub-stations of fine promise in which churches may soon be organized. The Humboldt church itself is taking new life and contemplates several important improvements in its building.

I must not occupy more space with my own notations, except to say what I have already intimated, that every brother present won my brotherly love, and that the three days of companionship with them will never be forgotten.

I append a report from Rev. Dr. Lynd, Superintendent of the work of the Sunday-school and Publishing Society, which will certainly be interesting to every reader of The Pacific.

"Our first eflort was in the beautiful city of Hurley, located on the Santa Fe Railroad in the southern part of New Mexico, having a population of about 3500 people and an elevation of nearly 6000 feet. It is owned and operated by the Chino Copper Company, that has a payroll of about two hundred thousand dollars every month of the year. A Union Sunday-school of some ninety pupils met every Sunday morning in the rooms of the Public School building, as we had no church building. Preaching services were held in the evening and conducted by a workman in the employ of the Copper Company, who was a Baptist minister.

"Dr. Heald, Superintendent of the C. H. M. Society for Arizona and New Mexico, felt that Hurley was worthy of a special effort, so we began our campaign on June 1, 1916. Within three months we had made three hundred and sixty-five calls, had added twenty-nine to our church membership, and the Sunday-school was increased to one hundred and twenty-seven. A beautiful new five-room parsonage was built by the company for the incoming minister; fifteen hundred dollars were raised for the new church building, which with the $1000 already pledged by the company to Dr. Heald, made a working capital of $2500. A beautiful lot had been secured from the company, and on August 28, 1916, work with twelve teams was begun on the foundation for the new building.

"A subscription of nearly $900 had been secured for church services, and the new minister, Rev. C. A. Stone, was placed in charge. He proved to be a veritable rock, as well as a Stone, and our people are now worshipping in a beautiful new church building with a Sunday-school of nearly 200, including Cradle Roll and Home Department, and a new piano costing $450.

"On September 1, 1916, we returned to Phoenix, the capital of Arizona, the coming inland metropolis of this great southwest. Just south of Phoenix, in the great irrigation belt of the Salt River Valley, is a most choice colony of exceptionally choice people. They had been conducting a Union Sunday-school here for a few years, and nearly every denomination in the city had attempted to organize a church, but the Lord seemed to have reserved this choice field for the Congregationalists. On December 10, 1916, thirty-nine charter members were received into the new organization, and on December 13, 1916, the new "Neighborhood Congregational Church" of Phoenix, was received into the fellowship of the Arizona State Conference. We now have a membership of fifty-two and a Sunday-school of 130, including the Cradle Roll and the Home Department, and have just called an able man to be the resident pastor in this growing field. On October 29, 1916, we opened our "Congregational Bible School" in the city of Phoenix with Bible classes in the morning and preaching services every Sunday evening. As we had never had a Congregational Church in this city or vicinity, it was like making "bricks without straw," but we now have fairly good congregations in the evening, with thirty-two enrolled in our Bible School. We have just purchased three dozen song books, and one dozen chairs for our Primary Department. Thirty-three have personally signed a compact for charter membership in our proposed First Congregational Church of Phoenix, which we hope soon to organize.

"The C. H. M. Society, through Superintendent Heald, has been very cordial in its co-operation, and the C. S. S. and P. Society, through Dr. Ewing, has been specially helpful. Without this aid it would have been impossible to effect the results obtained during this first year of labor in these rapidly developing states."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Aked plans to spend several months in the Chautauqua lecture field the coming year.

The Pacific Coast Congregational superintendents and secretaries have a meeting this week in Portland.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer is to supply the pulpit of Central Union Church, Honolulu, the last two Sundays in July and the first Sunday in August.

A son of the Rev. Dr. Fox, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Pasadena, has been in the ambulance corps service in France for several months.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco there will be an address by Major Newsom, Chaplain, Coast Artillery Corps, San Francisco.

The Rev. E. E. Youtz of Oakland has accepted a call to the chaplaincy of a school for Hawaiians at Honolulu, and will go early in August to enter on the work.

At the last communion service three persons united with the First Congregational Church of Oakland on confession; five by letter, and three on reaffirmation of faith.

Dr. Van Horn, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, has two sons enlisted for war service—

one in the coast artillery, now at Seattle; the other in the engineer corps, now at Vancouver, Washington.

An effort is being made to get the Rev. Dr. Bradley of Worcester, Massachusetts, to reconsider the call from the First Congregational Church of San Francisco. Mr. Boardman, one of the trustees, went East last Saturday with that purpose.

SUSAN TALCOTT FISHER.

1833-1917.

We chronicle the passing of Mrs. Fisher at her home in Oakland, May 31.

Susan Talcott was born in Rockville, Conn., February 2, 1833, the second of six children, one of whom survives, Mrs. Lora E. Learned, of New London, Conn. Hers was a typical New England parentage, a home characterized by religion, learning, thrift and devotion to the inner circle. Her father was a manufacturer of force and wide influence. As a girl she attended Miss Porter's School of Farmington, near her home. She was married early to a business man, Galen M. Fisher, who died in Oakland twenty-seven years ago, after years of public service and of activity in church and business affairs. Mrs. Fisher bore eleven children, three of whom died in infancy, eight of whom have grown to maturity in this city, which has been so long the family home. After a three-years' residence in St. Helena, this state, the family came to Oakland, May 8, 1872, just two weeks after Dr. and Mrs. McLean came to the First Congregational Church. The children all grew up under that gracious ministry. Important as it was, yet more significant for the children, was the consistent home environment into which went good life, high ideals, patient planning, merriment, and a wholesome religious spirit. Of course the mother had the determining part in all this blend.

Mrs. Fisher's home was the frequent stopping place of missionaries going to or from their fields. Its hospitality was extended to many delegates attending church gatherings. Through long and busy years the women's societies, her Sunday-school class, and the church, were objects of steady devotion. She was one of the organizers of the church missionary society, and of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Mrs. Fisher's life was extraordinarily active and capable till her seventy-fifth year. First up in the morning, last to bed at night, manifold in labors at home and abroad, she has been a paragon of house-wifery, motherhood and neighborliness.

During the last ten years her invalidism has gradually increased till latterly she became helpless. During invalid years her home on the heights has given her the delight of landscape and most congenial neighbors. This home has been a kind of shrine to which many friends have resorted, never failing to find in her presence good cheer, interest in folks and world affairs, and a sagacious Christian philosophy. Her mind continued bright till the very last days, sharing the concerns of family and friends in detail. Her malady was crippling and painful, but so undaunted and triumphant was her spirit that she was always cheerful and uncomplaining, so much so that scarcely could one find from her her real condition.

The release has come at last, for which, without morbidness, she has looked with desire. Upon her lips in late months were frequently literary gems with many of which she has been storing her memory. Psalms and hymns learned along ago have of course been freshly cherished. The remarkable fact has been her eager interest in learning beautiful poems. During the last ten years she has committed to memory numbers of shorter poems and several of considerable length, such as: Drifting, by T. B. Read; Call Me Not Dead (Translation from the Persian), by Edwin Arnold; The Planting of the Apple Tree, by Bryant; The Vision of Sir Launfal, by Lowell; the Burial of Moses, by Alexander. Many shorter poems and sonnet gems were hers also. In the later days of troublesome eyes she would sit often in the gloaming reciting these exquisite selections. Though she was weak, her voice, the counterpart of her spirit, took on singular depth and vibrancy. The family circle was hushed quite as much by the power of her rendering as by the intrinsic beauty of the lines. And these lines were learned, many of them, after her eightieth year.

Eight children survive, all bound by love and common ideals, four daughters and four sons: Florence (Mrs. Oscar F. Sites) of San Anselmo; Cara M. (Mrs. Sidney L. Gulick), long of Kyoto, Japan, now in the home land; Ethel T. (Mrs. Lewis R. Scudder) of Madras, India; Miss Grace M. Fisher, her mother's companion; Leonard C., of Oakland; Rev. Miles B., of Oakland; Galen M., of Tokyo, Japan; and Ralph Talcott, who with his sister Grace cared for their mother through the later years, these three being the constant elements in the home to which friends and kin have resorted as they could. Beside her eight children, this mother in Israel leaves twenty-two grand children and eleven great-grandchildren, forty-one direct descendants.

Funeral services of special uplift and power were held by Dr. Van Horn at the home, June 2. "A day not of sorrow but of coronation," he said; and throughout the service breathed a note of life victorious and triumphant death.

A large gathering of friends in the sunny flower-filled rooms paid their last tribute to her whose life had been to them of supreme inspiration.

Songs used were Pilgrims of the Night, In the Time of Roses, and in closing, Nearer My God to Thee, in which all were asked to join. Interment was in Mountain View Cemetery.

PITTSBURG.

There is a deepening religious spirit abroad in this church, which is leavening the community. Recently we gave a father-and-son supper. Upwards of thirty dads and lads sat together, with a boy sandwiched between each man. Short, snappy talks were given by both boys and men on "What we fathers expect of our sons," "What we boys expect of our fathers," etc. Mr. Caldwell of the Oakland Y. M. C. A. gave the principal talk of the evening—something to make boys and fathers do a lot of thinking on their reciprocal relations.

Then tables were cleared away and games were in order. Masculine games. Two dads broke a table and looked sheepish! Not a dad left until the evening's fun was completed! All are looking forward to another get-together after vacation.

Sunday, eleven persons were received into membership, and the church was quite full at both services. Four of the new members are heads of families, one is a boy, the rest are adults.

This week, Wednesday, the Sunday School Board meets, then there is a reception in the church to the new members, with a short program and the "glad hand." The same evening Mr. Champlin begins to obey the command, "Go into the highways, etc.," and preaches on the street in

an automobile.

By common consent there will be another communion on July first, and a 30-days drive is on for new members. The idea is not to dwindle down to the vacation, but to work up to it!

Mrs. Champlin is president of the Woman's Improvement Club, which is the livest organization outside of the church in the community, and the pastor's wife has handled two mass meetings for the Red Cross. This being the only Protestant church here, the situation is ideal for the pastor and wife to build themselves into the community life, without a chance for denominational ill-feeling.

SOCIAL HYGIENE IN SAN JOSE.

The Young Men's Christian Association of San Jose just concluded an unusually interesting series of lectures on "The Truth About Sex." The lectures were given in the gymnasium at three o'clock in the afternoon. The lecturer was Rev. E. A. King, pastor of the First Congregational Church. The Association requested these four lectures and put itself squarely behind the movement. Such a campaign was never undertaken here before and its progress was watched with great interest. More than one thousand men were reached by this movement and a splendid work of social uplift begun for the good of the city. The subjects of the lectures were as follows:

"The Place of Sex in Human Life," "The Great Black Plague," "A Wonderful Secret," "The Modern Sex Hygienic Movement."

At the conclusion of the course Mr. King was asked to give another course of lectures in October or November with the promise of a larger support and a campaign much wider in extent.

FLAG RAISING AT SAN JOSE.

On Sunday morning, May 27th, there was a great service at the Congregational Church. The Grand Army of the Republic, Spanish War Veterans, Union Veteran's Legion with numerous women's auxiliaries were present. There was special music and a sermon by Rev. E. A. King on "The Meaning of America." At the close of the indoor exercises the congregation marched to the front of the church where a beautiful tall flag pole had been recently erected. The congregation surrounded the pole while Mr. Harry Finnemore made a presentation speech, stating that the pole and the flag were given by the young men of the church. They were accepted formally by the pastor, who led the congregation in a salute to the flag. It was raised by Miss Amelia Finnemore, daughter of the man who presented it. After the salute the great congregation led by the quartet and Sunday School orchestra sang "The Star Spangled Banner." The exercises closed with the benediction. One very interesting thing in connection with the raising of the flag was the shining of the sun upon the flag just as it reached the top of the pole. As the entire day was cloudy this seemed a happy omen for the occasion.

SUISUN.

The Suisun church has just purchased and paid for a lot for a new house of worship, the lot costing two thousand dollars, and located in the very heart of the town, the ideal location for the new church home, upon which the entire congregation is most heartily united. The lot is situated on the southwest corner of Suisun and Solano streets, giving north and east fronts. The corner was formerly occupied by a saloon and family residence, and the church has already sold the old buildings, which will be immediately removed, thus reducing the cost of the lot by $225. The Suisun church is fortunate in getting this lot, after several years' effort in trying to get a more suitable location than the site now, and ever since organization, occupied. The next move will be for an appropriate building on the new site, toward which the old site can be applied.

A MIDSUMMER CHRISTMAS TREE.

Highland, California, has the enviable distinction of being one of the very few Congregational churches of Southern California which have observed this unique holiday feature of later years.

For a second time the Sunday School has had a mid-summer Christmas tree to add interest to the Sunday School, and bring charm during some of the warmer months when such days as New Years and Christmas have become things of the past. So Sunday, May 20, a most beautiful specimen of these unusual decorative features met the gaze of the little people, and the older ones as well, as they gathered at the church for the Sunday School session. A young pepper tree had been arranged upon the platform of the Sunday School room and was beautifully decorated with great bunches of scarlet geraniums and red roses which, with the white and blue of the American flag, were strikingly emblematic of the peace and good will of our Sunday School children for their little sisters and brothers in China. Ten o'clock found the room filled with eager happy people both young and old with Christmas gifts of all sorts, carefully wrapped and tied with bright ribbon, ready to be given with a hearty spirit of self-forgetfulness and, as class after class, with their teachers, rose and marched around the tree laying their gifts at its base, no one present could ever wonder again if the saying, so long ago spoken were true, "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and as the writer watched the sweet faced children, so anxious to do their part, another picture appeared upon the scene and she saw a baby form lying in a manger and the wise men crowding forward bringing gifts to lay at His feet and the picture seemed to be just a difference of ages, but were they not still one and the same? So when the months will have passed by and again a happy Christmas will have come to us what an added joy and peace will linger in our hearts as we remember this day and our Mid-summer Christmas Tree and know that in a far away country some poor little Chinese children will be made happy with American Christmas gifts and who otherwise would have had no Christmas at all or perhaps would not have received the gift of priceless worth, that of the Christ child who was born so many centuries ago. So Highland Church expects to have a more happy Christmas this year because of this day which is just past.

CLARA E. DELL.

SIERRA MADRE.

As a reader of the Pacific I wish through it to tell other readers who are interested in the Christian work of the Congregational churches of our good fortune here in the Sierra Madre Church in having Dr. James McLaren of Pasadelphia to supply our pulpit during the past six months, while waiting for Rev. C. C. Wilson of Darlington, Wisconsin, who will come to us on the 17th of June as our regular pastor.

Dr. McLaren's regular work is on the lecture field, and he had to go to fill his engagements on the Chautauqua

platform; but while here he preached to us wonderfully inspired truths and won the interest and love of all his hearers and did us all much good; keeping up a fine attendance so that our church life is in good shape to give our new pastor a hearty and encouraging welcome. While we were sad in parting with Brother McLaren, he took with him the good will and affection of us all.

Sierra Madre, Cal. H. HILL.

For The Children.

WHAT THE TEAPOT SAID.

Dorothy shifted uneasily in her chair. She knew she had been naughty, but, nevertheless, the punishment was hard to bear. Here she was in the "big room" at grandma's, with all the shadowy corners and queer, foreign-looking things around her, and she must stay among them a whole hour, without a soul to speak to or anything to think about—that is, thoughts that were nice; there were plenty of disagreeable ones. She remembered how cross she had been at the breakfast table that morning, because Aunt Mary wouldn't let her have the banana that would surely have made her ill; she recalled how she had pulled the cat's tail and teased the gold-fishes with Uncle Dan's paper cutter, just to see if they could squeal like mice and guinea pig; she thought how she had found grandma's knitting on the table, and when no one was looking had pulled the thread of scarlet wool just a tiny mite, and it went so funny, and was all so crinkled, and the mitten kept growing so much smaller that she had not thought how wrong it was until after the deed was done, and the poor mitten lay a heap of bright red worsted at her feet. Dear me! how could she have been so heedless? Grandma hadn't said a word, but just looked over her spectacles with such sad old eyes that it almost made Dorothy cry, and then Aunt Mary had led her into the "big room" and told her she must stay there until she was sorry for her naughtiness and was willing to ask grandma's pardon. Dorothy tossed her curly head at this.

"Hump, she just wouldn't 'pologize, 'cause it wasn't really naughty at all, only mischievous; anyhow, that's what Uncle Dan said." "Bless the child, she's just mischievous!' Dorothy didn't know what the word meant, but she guessed Uncle Dan loved her too much to say anything about her that wasn't nice.

She settled back in the great, stiff rocker, and knocked her little shoes impatiently against the rungs, shutting her eyes tight and saying over and over, "I won't 'pologize; I won't, so there!"

"I won't; I won't; no, I won't!' Gracious! Who was repeating her own words so sharply? She looked aroud half fearfully, half expecting to see Aunt Mary coming to scold her again.

"I won't; no, I won't!" Why, it was—yes, surely it was the little China match girl on the mantelpiece talking to the Dresden teapot by her side! Dorothy sat up very straight and listened with all her might.

"But you know you really ought to," said the teapot calmly, moving a little bit nearer to its companion, "because it is right, and what's right is korrect—spelt with a K for emphasis."

The match-girl shrugged her shoulders. "I tell you I won't!' she said decidedly, "and I don't care for your advice, either."

The teapot looked stern, "'Don't Care' got hung," it remarked severely, "and as for my advice, I have a right to give it, because I am a good many years older than you, my dear. If you will remember, I originally came from Dresden, and that was over a century ago."

The little match-girl hung her head. "You're cracked," she said, "and so you ain't worth anything; why, there's a big nick in your spout!"

"Who did it?" asked the teapot in a low, distinct tone.

Dorothy trembled. She knew who had done it. It was herself, when she had played party one day, and taken the teapot without asking permission.

"Well, never mind," the teapot went on, "but it was unkind to treat me so carelessly, I think."

The match-girl looked around her. "Somebody has been very naughty again today," she said, "and, I sha'nt like her any more."

"Why, dear, do not cherish unkind feelings in your heart against anyone;" and the teapot looked very wise.

"But don't you think it was wrong of her?' asked the match-girl quickly.

"To be sure, it was unpardonable to tease those poor little gold-fishes so; one of them told me, confidentially, that he had no idea a little girl that had such pretty yellow curls and soft blue eyes could be so cruel."

"Yes," said the match-girl, "if she doesn't look out her eyes will grow fearfully ugly, and her face will be all lined with temper."

Dorothy shivered, but she seemed glued to her seat and dared not say a word.

"And her poor old grandmother is so good to her, too. Do you know that very pair of mittens that she ripped was for the little girl's Christmas?" The teapot nodded its head, and Dorothy's face grew very sober, indeed.

"Do you think she'll say she's sorry?" asked the matchgril anxiously.

The teapot thought a moment. "I just heard her say she wouldn't," it answered slowly; "no, she is too naughty; she will not apologize."

"O dear, I will, I will—right now, this minute!" and Dorothy jumped from her chair and ran to the door with a little sob. She pushed it open, and hurried along the hall till she got to the sitting-room, then she paused an instant.

There was grandma, sitting in her cushioned chair before the cheerful open fire, with her lace cap on her dear old gray head, and her wrinkled fingers patiently picking up the stitches and knitting away at Dorothy's red mitten.

"Grandma, grandma, I've come to 'pologize; I'm so sorry, and I'll never do it again—never!"

Grandma stooped down tenderly and, dropping the mitten, drew the tumbled curly head against her knee.

"Dear, dear pet, I know you won't; there, don't cry, and give your old grandma a kiss, Dorothy dimples!"

Dorothy lifted up her tear-stained little face. "Have you forgived me?" she whispered pleadingly.

Grandma's hand stole over the bright head, and rested there like a benediction.

"Forgive us our tresspass as we forgive others," she murmured brokenly, and though Dorothy hardly understood it, she knew by the caress that she was forgiven.

That night she stole into the "big room" a minute before she wen to bed, and she heard the teapot say to the little China match-girl:

"There! she says she is going to be good now always, and, do you know, I really think she will."—Alice Garland Steele.

Life is a continual round of unfinished business.

ALL THINGS FAIR.

Lo, I love all things fair!
Fronds of the maidenhair,
Veil of syringa bloom,
Rose petal and iris plume;
Scarf of the April rain,
The sunset's crimson stain;
The spindrift's flying floss,
Beryl glints on the moss;
Sails of the milkweed seed,
The gossamer's silver brede;
Horn of the harvest moon,
The pool where lilies are;
The twilight's purple boon,
And eve's first violet star!

Lo, I love all things fair!
Hills that climb like a stair;
Sheen of the bluebird's wing,
The wind flower wavering;
Sway of the clover seas,
The snow's white sanctities;
Pine aisles lone and dark,
The firefly's fleeting spark;
Children's smiles, and the wild
Wayward ways of a child;
The mother's look of dream
Bending her babe above,
And the lingering rapture gleam
In the meeting eyes of love!

—Clinton Scollard.

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